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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME I
FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 30 1929 NUMBER 51

CHAMBER MUSIC OF HIGHEST QUALITY

The Carmel Music Society opens its season on February the eighth with a concert of that most exquisite of musical delights, chamber music. The London String Quartet has been described as "absolutely perfect" in its own field. The severest critics give it highest praise. "The one-ness of everything they do," writes one, "has never been surpassed by any string quartet."

The Music Society urges that season ticket holders select their seats without delay,—for the sale of single seats to the public begins on February the first at the Golden Bough. Seats for the series can be obtained from Eugene Watson, at the Seven Arts Press.

STAR-LIGHT ON THE LOT

As the artist sat sketching her, Miss Del Rio—asked what kind of part she liked playing best—said:

"I lo-ove to play the barbaric, the primiteeve. There is that in me. I feel that in me. And so I like to play parts like Rascha in Revenge, or Carmen. Bot they do not give me the same satisfaction afterwards. When they arre o-over it is all over. The other parts, like Resurrection, or, now Evangeline, that are softer, sweeter, that do more for the people that see the film, that help them perhaps—the satisfaction of them lasts."

"Do you attempt to make your acting realistic, or do rather the romantic thing most film-goers expect?"

"That depends on the picture, quite," said the vivacious star. "A picture like Evangeline that is all romantic, we keep the acting romantic, we moost not overact. It e-es very bad to over-act a picture like this. Many people have read it and know it and they expect to see a certain thing. But 'What Price Glory' for instance we could make that as realistic as we would."

"Did you ever want to go on the stage?"

THE STAR HERSELF

EVENING FROM A HILLTOP

All day long the full and heavy hours
Have been waning toward this splendid moment
When they meet, those so-soon parted lovers,
The first star to see the day, the last flame
Of day to paint the curious little cloud
That rides like smoke above the burning sea.

For some it means
Closed doors against this widening of the air,
Light gleaming down through branches of cut crystal
Across a pallid floor, where tides of feet
Follow the moon-pull of the pounded drum.

Night, for me, like a veiled nun comes,
Stealing in on soft, grey-slippered feet
To bless these ghosts of things the ardent day,
Having consumed their substance, only leaves
Colored ash, the violet drift of hills,
And sea the blue of crumpled passion-flowers;
A smoulder of sparks against a blur of island
Alone recalls the myriad meetings and passings
Of little destinies. Those far lights,
Pricking a frail pattern on the dark,
Are nails of fire, holding this loved beauty
To the cross of life.

—Joyce Mayhew.

"Oh, very very much, yes. I always want to act. One can do so much more, walk, use one's hands, talk" and the expressive little person threw out her hands, her arms, humped and unhumped her graceful shoulders, moved every muscle on the mobile face. "In a movie now they hold your feet-so-firm, fixed, and your head, if you move it just one tenth-so-too much, it does not get in the picture and if I sit-so-or-so-" and she stooped and then exaggeratedly straightened "—that looks very bad in a picture. No I must sit—so, motionless, fixed, and if someone bring me a letter to say a very dear friend is dead I can show my feelings only with my eyes and nose and mouth."

"And then," continued the little Mexican, "and then the audience that go to plays are more intelligent than many of the audience that go to movies. Everybody goes to movies, you go for five or ten cents—but only those who like plays go to plays. And you can give them clever plays and they will understand them, artistic things, you can really do something good because you act for a few people and you do not lose so much money if it is a failure."

"While in the movies—?"

"While in the movies you have to appeal to everybody and so many different kinds of people, and so you have to do very simple things..."

"But don't you think that maybe they would like to see the things that happen to themselves in their everyday lives in the pictures?"

"No. They have the dishes at home, they want to get out in the evening away from it all. Away into a romantic place, where things do not happen to them as they happen in their everyday lives. And they see themselves as the heroine." Her expressive wide brown eyes smiled. "Everyone see himself a little as the hero or heroine of a movie."

"How do you choose your stories?"

"I do not choose them. They are chosen for me."

"But you have a say?"

"No. Only in some minor point like a scene or a situation. They do this. They take a star like Garbo, say, and telephone to her one morning and say 'Please come down to the studio.' And there they hand her a paper and they say: "This is the script for your next story. Will you read it please. So and so is your leading man; be at the wardrobe room tomorrow at 11; and please report at nine for work.'"

"And if you don't like the story—then that is temperament?"

"Yes—oh yes," she leaned almost out of her chair "then you are terrible selfish; they say you have the swelled head, that your head is too big for you."

"And what to you is the most important part of a movie?"

She was very definite. Quick, intelligent, the vivacious dark brown eyes knew definitely what she wanted in a movie.

"The story. Oh, the story. The story can unmake a star. Give a star two bad stories and be she Norma Talmadge, or Pola Negri or Garbo or Corinne Griffith, she will be dead, fineeshed, dead. People will not go and see her any more. They identify the star with the story."

"But don't different stories go differently in different localities?"

"Yes and so you have to make these very simple and sentimental stories because most of the money comes from the small towns. The big towns hardly count in movie returns. People in towns can go to theatres and plays and concerts and to parties—anything—but in small towns there are only the movies. And I was surprised, what different films are liked in Europe. They are so much more sophisticated over there. They like the sophisticated stories. Nothing will move a German film audience to weep—they have been through so many real hardships. But an American audience will cry if it sees a mother at the bedside of a sick child..." and she cradled the sick child impatiently in her arms.

"Then cannot you make your artistic movies for Europe?"

"No, because there is no money in Europe. Even if a lot of people go, when the lira and the francs and the marks have been turned into dollars, they make so very few dollars—so very few dollars."

"Don't you find people will stand for unhappy endings now more than they used to?"

"Yes. And that is a great comfort. I make nearly all unhappy endings. The movie audience has changed so much in the last few years. You can play much more artistic things now than you could a few years ago." —Ella Winter.

W. I. L. ROUND TABLE

On Sunday evening Feb. 3rd at eight o'clock will be held the first of a series of six Round-Table discussions which will doubtless prove to be very interesting and instructive to those who attend. This meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Navas-Rey, Camino Real near Third St. and the subject will be "Arbitration." The book "Between War and Peace" is used as a bisis for discussion. This book is now on sale at the Seven Arts and is a very valuable publication.

These meetings are open to all who are interested in these vital questions.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

February

3 **W. I. L. Round Table Discussion.**—At the home of Mrs. Y. Navas-Rey, North Camino Real. Subject: Arbitration. Open to the public.

7 **Garden Section of the Woman's Club**—at 10:00 A.M. Residence of Mrs. Samuel Darling, 69 North Casanova. Subject, Annuals for Early Blooming.

4 **Woman's Club Meeting.**—Pine Inn at 2:00.

8 **Chamber Music**—at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The London String Quartet in the first concert of the season under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society, 8:30 P.M.

5 **Discussion**—of the proposed new legislation for the County Unit Plan. Monterey High School, at 1:30.

ON OCEAN AVENUE IN CARMEL

Roger Sturtevant, photographer, stands in the exact middle of the main street of the town, lifting photographic plates to the sun, a professional squint in his eye.

* * *

Betty Green, a gentle amazon in overalls, swings down the avenue on her horse, adeptly followed by three young riders, aged six, nine, and eleven.

* * * *

Houses, shops, inns, on moving beams, walking all over the place. The pedestrains stop and stare, fixed, immovable. It is the buildings in Carmel that are the restless ones. Here today,—and gone tomorrow!

* * * *

But where is Bert Heron and his basket? And Janie Johnson and her Basket? Bert usually with a bunch of carrots dangling out. Janie with the mail. One by one,—we would almost venture two by two,—or, bolder still, three by three,—the time-worn customs are going out!

* * * *

And others, not quite so time-worn, are coming in.

COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING P. T. A.

The Monterey County Council of the P. T. A. will be the guests of the Monterey Union High School Parent Teacher Association on Tuesday, February fifth at twelve o'clock. Each guest is requested to bring her own sandwiches. Coffee and cake will be served by the hostesses. The business meeting will be called to order at 1:30 in the Science Lecture Room.

All members of the M. U. H. S. Parent Teacher Association who cannot come for luncheon are invited to attend the meeting later at which the County Unit question will be debated.

CAREWE AND CREW

DIRECTOR EDWIN CAREWE
ALEC FRANCIS ROLAND DREW BUCK CAREY JIM MARCUS

Personal Bits . . .

Anne Martin has returned from Santa Barbara, where she lectured before the World Friendship League at Margaret Balor Inn, and organized a branch of the Women's International League.

A rapid round of brilliant luncheons, dinners, and teas constitute much of the activity of the best families in Santa Barbara, where life is lived as in one vast country club, and issues of peace and war can only remotely dot that gorgeous blue horizon.

Nevertheless the branch of the League promises to be a vigorous limb of the tree in that green forest of leisure in which there are already so much, both of Peace and of Freedom.

* * * *

Roger Sturtevant's birthday party last Saturday night proved two things,—first, the vitality of young Bohemia in Carmel; and second, that rivalry by two artists in the same field can be superceded by mutual respect.

Eddie O'Brien and Roger in their black corduroys, with broad sashes about their waists. Tilly Polak in wine-colored velvet. All grades of formality and informality between. This freedom, absent of self-consciousness, is an expression of the individualism which is perhaps the chief charm of life in Carmel.

Edward Weston had brought with him by request a portfolio of his photographic work.

Roger Sturtevant makes a work of art of a group of fern-buds and a piece of broken glass. Johan Hagemeyer takes a bit of machinery and gives it majesty. Edward Weston puts a green bell pepper upon a milk bottle, or takes a part of a human torso. Looking at these photographs is re-discovering the world about us. Edward Weston's work makes those who see it aware of beauty constantly before the eye, yet never before perceived.

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THE COMMITTEE OF FORTY

The Committee of Forty is a group of Carmel taxpayers who keep themselves informed as to the civic affairs of the town. It was originally formed because of a threat to put over on Carmel a ruinous Major Traffic Plan. At that time it had no organization in the ordinary understanding of this world,—no office, no officers, no by-laws, no dues; nothing but the will and the ability to see that no personal interests were served to the detriment of the majority of the taxpayers of Carmel. That the Committee of Forty has this ability was ample demonstrated at the last city election.

Carmel is a community the members of which are singularly happy in their willingness to cooperate. A few are willing to do all of the work, and the rest are quite willing that they should.

At the time of the election, the Committee of Forty consisted of some sixty taxpayers. We could have had six hundred if the willing workers had had time to see all of the willing cooperators. Just at the time they were too busy with the job then in hand,—breaking up a ring in the town Council that was determined to saddle upon the town a paving program that had been denounced by resolution by all except six people present at a mass-meeting of over three hundred, and those six being persons who had a personal interest in seeing the paving project go thru.

A crying need of the people of Carmel is foreknowledge of purposed acts of the Council that may affect their welfare. A crying need of the Councilmen is foreknowledge of the wishes of the people they are bound by law to represent. If the Council hasn't a clear knowledge and understanding of what the people want it is the fault of the people themselves. The Council is composed for the most part of men who are busily engaged in making a living. They have no time to stand around on street corners listening to divergent opinions. They have the right to expect that the people of Carmel will compose their own differences and arrive at a conclusion of the majority before taking up with the Council the matter in question. The councilmen are giving their services to the town. They get nothing for their work and the time it takes away from their attention to their own affairs except the satisfaction of knowing that some of the people at any rate appreciate the value of this gratuitous service.

Now, it takes work to find out how the majority of the citizens and taxpayers stand on any given project. It is that kind of work that the Committee of Forty has demonstrated its ability to do. It also takes money. But nobody ever heard of the Committee of Forty soliciting a red cent; and what's more, nobody ever will. The Committee of Forty was

publishing its own paper, "The Voice of Carmel" and distributing it free at a time when at the last election those who were bent upon putting over a big paving program were going about soliciting from businessmen two-bits apiece to advertise their candidates in the Pine Cone.

If, perchance, a councilman after a clear expression of the wishes of the taxpayers persists in ignoring them,—if a councilman, instead of representing the people who elected him for that purpose, shows more desire to feather his own nest than to act as the people dictate then it is up to an energetic body such as the Committee of Forty to show him up to the people and have him removed forthwith. This of course presupposes that the Committee of Forty has in its membership persons who know evidence when they see it, who are temperamentally fitted to weigh evidence, who weren't born yesterday when it comes to the investigation of doubtful actions, who can listen to talk and at the same time make a good guess at what is going on in the mind of the man who is making it, who can draw impartial conclusions, and what's more, act on them. The Committee has just that,—members who don't need holes punched in a stone wall in order to let them see through it. We believe that was demonstrated at the last election in Carmel. If it wasn't shown to everybody's satisfaction in that election it will be in the next.

In every town on earth a certain amount of grafting goes on. If you object to the word graft call it special privilege. In almost every town the condition becomes chronic. As soon as a town becomes of enough importance to attract the operations of political tricksters that gentry gets on the job; and from then evermore the town's affairs are managed not by the people who own it but by politicians who dominate it in the interest of themselves. Carmel has made a fair start in this customary direction but it isn't far enough on the road to make it impossible for the taxpayers to own and run their own town. Carmel makes a great show of being "different"; well, it won't be different long unless it wakes up and develops enough backbone to run its own affairs. Carmel can run its own town from now until the end of time if it cares enough to make the effort. If it doesn't care enough then it is quite fitting that Carmel should cease regarding itself as "different" and take its place among the cities that are distinctly commonplace.

The Committee of Forty has already set an example of what can be done to upset the unwelcome plans of an organized minority. It has no personal axes to grind,—only one, the one that will be kept sharp for the individual or body of individuals who try to bring about results contrary to the wishes of the majority of the taxpayers of Carmel.

—The Committee of Forty.

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The Arts . . .

No, I did not show any pictures in New York City. In fact I did not have a picture with me—but I did see other people's pictures by the hundred. Gallery after Gallery. For two months my daily routine included pictures. Talks with directors, attendants, even the humble artists.

I gained much information.
Eagerly I searched for American art. Someting native to our country. Influences I found of all the popular schools, imitations of foreign artists (Why will they pick on Matisse?). Students I found faithfully trying to copy with fresh colors the age-old patina of the masters of the sixteenth century. Pitiful efforts on the most part. I hurried by, searching for the sincere. Sometimes I found it in the most unexpected places. Friezes on the walls and stairway of a co-operative Cafeteria for working men, in the foyer of the Carnegie Little Movie Theatre, billboards of the Yiddish Art Theatre productions in the large department stores. An expression of the monstrous speed and power, the artificial stimulus of New York City. These people did not have the time to be artistic.

But in the galleries nearly all the Americans (I will not of course say all) were represented by saccharine mementoes of their annual summer abroad, or by staid portraits, or miniatures.

Looking for creation, I found a handful that register in my mind. The Frenchman Lurcat, daring, but with a hint of the precocious boy wanting to shock teacher, with one eye on the public to see what they will say. Hilbert, with sculpture of animal and bird life done in wood. Masses so simply and truly handled I wanted to pass my hands over them to feel their trueness. But the omnipresent custodian made me pause. Martin, who I believe is a Frenchman living in this country, handles immensity in his own manner.

Gorgeous shows of the French moderns, and the German . . . Of course the Metropolitan with my favorite rooms of Italian primitives, and the Pompeian encaustic murals—needless to speak of the treasures there.

A few artists were evidently groping for freer expression, but with little encouragement. Not from dealers anyway. One artist said to me "But your distances are so great. You jump from the Arizona desert to the Sierras. You are so restless, always experimenting. You will never make any money." Is that the answer right there?

There will always be the "arty" wherever one goes. But there will also be the real artist. The creator to whom creation is an agony, a joy, and a necessity.

—Alberte Spratt.

DR. CAROL ARONOVICI

ART AND THE CITY PLAN

Generally speaking city planning deals with mass and space in their relation to each other. We have buildings and streets and open spaces. They must be distributed so as to render a maximum amount of efficiency with a minimum interference with harmony.

To do the former requires a considerable amount of talent. To secure the latter requires genius.

The experience of the past is useful only as inspiration, and not as a model for the present.

The modern city with its industrialism, its automobiles, its aeroplanes, its steel construction, and vast territorial expanses, presents a new and more intricate problem when compared with smaller communities, compactly built up and integrated by tradition.

Our modern cities are without spiritual objective and without historical background. They are the result of agglomerations of people seeking not congenial surroundings so much as opportunities for the securing of a livlihood and the accumulation of wealth. It is only the aged and the wealthy who are beginning to choose their communities for seasons other than ecconomic advantages, and these are a ciciv liability rather than an asset to civil progress.

Out of this modern chaos we must strive to build the new city, the civic expression of vast multitudes of diversified interests.

Can we do this, and who are to be the leaders in this great movement?

With all due modesty we must admit that city planning and city planners must take upon themselves this leadership.

Coupled with the knowledge and skill of the engineer, that of the economist and the sociologist, as well as the inspiration of the architect, the sculptor, the landscape architect, the painter, must be called into play.

—carol aronovici.

NEW FUNCTION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Alice de Nair and Frances Montgomery were out at Point Lobos. "Heavens!" quoth one. "I forgot to turn out the oil stove!" "Easily solved," quoth the other, "We'll break in on Gus' leisure a little."

The City Hall was called; the predicament explained. And shortly later the City Marshal did a little legal house-breaking just to oblige.

JOHN JORDAN ON EUROPE

The Woman's Club of Carmel invites the community to hear John Jordan's lecture on his recent trip to Europe, on Friday evening of this week at the Pine Inn.

The next regular meeting of the club occurs on the Monday afternoon following, at two-thirty, at the Pine Inn.

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Owned and published weekly by The Carmelite Publishing Company, at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel.

Subscription rate, two dollars the year, foreign, three dollars:
five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorials . . .

OPPORTUNITY THREATENS TO KNOCK

If it is really a fact that moving picture interests are contemplating making a permanent location here,—(another company, with Emil Jannings, is due at Lobos on February tenth,)—then Carmel has better as kitself whether a permanent moving-picture location is what it wants.

We have been having a lot of fun recently "out on the lot" at Lobos; and five dollars a day may seem a lot of money to our host of struggling geniuses. Painters can buy more paint; poets, new ribbons for their typewriters,—and the rest can pay their bills for manzanita roots and kindling with this munificent sum. Generous qualities of money have been spent here. The prospect of a future gilded with the gold that trickles in from the world's moving-picture houses tempts us.

Or does it really?

In these years of its life Carmel has developed as a community to which strongly individual types have chosen to come. Creative workers in the fields of the arts; as well as many others who preferred the simplicity and the honesty of life-values, the possibility of living here free from the distortions of city psychology. Many prefer to live in Carmel on a small income, to earning qualities and living luxuriously in the city. Or rather, this beauty, this quietness, naturalness, freedom, seemed the greater luxury.

And so Carmel has become a sort of last stronghold against the machine age.

A moving-picture community is the very opposite. It represents standardization, mechanization, the reduction of the individual to a form.

In the end, when the sales value of this beauty of the Monterey peninsula has been more actively discovered, shall the rest of us have to withdraw elsewhere,—into some remoter fastnesses of the spirit? Again and always, the withdrawl of the individual from the herd; the following of the herd; and his repetition of flight.

Unless he succumbs.

Succumbs to the call of the siren.

Profits. Increase. Wealth.

And to the typical American mind, the logic of that call it ultimately irresistible.

THE CITY OWES ITS CITIZENS . . .

Every now and then there comes a striking example of the need for adequate social service, available and immediate, on the Peninsula. Now there comes a call for help through the Humane Society in Monterey, asking for clothing for a babe newly-born at the Ellenwood Sanitarium in Pacific Grove. The mother, destitute, has no way of providing for as much as garments for her child when she leaves the hospital. Tiny garments are needed at once.

There will of course be response to this call. That it comes to late is simply another proof of our need for a social agency. The old days of sentimental philanthropy are over,—or should be. Carrying turkey baskets to the poor at Christmas may be all very well as self-gratification; but neither this nor soup kitchens in the slums solve any economic problem at all. The paternalistic gesture of the Christmas basket is enough to make any professionally trained and intelligent social worker grind his teeth, so blindly futile is it. And though we shall give our own babe's garments to this little new-born mite in Monterey,—and give with love as well as pity,—it would be a blindness to let the giving end there.

The Humane Society, for lack of any agency to be called upon in the emergency, has issued this call. The Red Cross will continue further after the mother leaves the hospital. All of this is private philanthropy. Meanwhile the state owes its citizens something more. It does provide for the treatment of delinquents,—children as well as adults, by way of a probation officer at Salinas. But if there is a defective, or a dependent, there is no agency here to meet his problem, and none with authority to initiate an action. When recently in Carmel, for instance, there were complaints concerning a family with grossly-neglected children, one of whom was defective,—there was no-one to whom the case could be referred, except the Chief of Police.

The state owes its citizens, each city owes its citizens, a Department of Welfare to which family problems involving delinquents, dependents, defectives, can be referred, and receive an immediate solution.

The technique of social service is a highly-developed one. The case-worker does not leave a case until it is solved,—whether it be through employment, medical care, reconciliation or re-adjustment of the family group. Individuals and families in difficulties can consult a Welfare Agency with dignity nowadays,—so wholesome have been the changes in these relationships since social service became an occupation of professional rank, requiring highly-specialized graduate training.

The solution for Carmel, or possibly for the Peninsula as a cooperating group, would be the engaging of a part-time professionally-trained social worker, constantly available. This should be done here by the City Council. Necessary social agencies should be supported by taxation, not by the arbitrary generosities of private giving, through Chambers of Commerce and Community Chest drives. To provide an agency for social service is simply a matter of civic decency,—and whether or not this will be done is not even a question.

WHEN it will be done is however a question. We recommend that some public discussion of this be given now.

Correspondence

ANSWER

(Dedicated to Councilman George L. Wood).

Righto! Thanks, George for the toboggan ride! Awful good of you, don't you know, and all that . . . BUT !

One cent held too close to the eye can shut out the entire sun, so if you insist upon hair splitting, let's pin back our ears and go to it. First let me quote your worthy article in the Pine Cone for Jan. 25th. "It is strange how often trifling inaccuracies slip into those statements—providing of course they are favorable to the point the writer wishes to make." . . . Again: no "written announcement" was given by the trustees of the Harrison Memorial Library, that the new library was ready and that the old one ceases its activities. Right you are, George. I erred in **exact** statement. It was **not** a "written" request but **verbal.** SORRY.

The Monterey Library, as stated, receives an appropriation of $7000 . . . WHICH INCLUDES THE NEW MONTEREY BRANCH. Really two libraries, don't you know.

Now to split a hair! The librarian and her assistant worked at the old library from February fifteenth "sorting, arranging and packing up the old books pre-

paratory to the moving." Thereby saving the City of Carmel at least $87.23¾. MAGNIFICENT! These few coppers held close to the eye of the tax-payer will serve as well as any other thing to blind or distract the attention to greater and more important affairs. BRAVO!

Again we quote; "The total assessed in 1928 amounted to $9418.67. Only $8956.00 of this had been paid up to January 1st of this year, the balance being delinquent." TOO BAD... NOT A LORDLY SUM!

Now do you mind awfully if we turn back the calender to June 22, 1927 and quote from the Cymbal of that date? No? Then here goes.

"COUNCILMAN George L. Wood, Chairman of the Harrison Library Board, Dear Sir:

"In the name of the people of Carmel I want to ask you a few questions... They feel that they, as citizens of this city, have a right to know...

"You have been talking about $20,000. as though that was all you had... The Minutes of the board of trustees of the city of Carmel show that at a meeting of the board on December 18, 1923, William T. Kibbler, chairman of the board, reported that he had been called to San Francisco to receive, and that he did receive, from the executors of Mrs. Harrison's estate twenty $1,000 bonds of the city of San Francisco and a certified check for $1,000, and that he placed the bonds in the Valley Bank of Monterey.

"This makes, then, $21,000 which Mr. Kibbler had in his possession on December 18, 1923... How much does that money amount to at the present time?

"Bonds which amounted to $20,000 on December 18, 1923, and which drew 7 percent interest (as there bonds do) should on December 18, of last year (1926) a period of three years, amount to $20,000 plus three years interest at 7 percent. This makes a total in interest, (December, 1926 of $4,200, doesn't it. Add that to $20,000 and the $1,000 in the certified check that Mr. Kibbler received in accured interest along with the bonds and we have... what?

"Why, we have $25,000. And does that include the interest that has accured since December 18, 1926?

"Of course, if that $20,000 in bonds and that $1,000 check had been handled in a businesslike manner—for instance, as a financier and a trustee should handle money and books in his trust—that money should be in excess of $25,200 right now, (June 22, 1927) because with accured interest other bonds could have, or should have been purchased, to draw additional 7 percent, and amounts not sufficent to invest in bonds should have drawn four percent interest in anybody's bank, so there should be at least another $100 added to that $25,200, but we'll not count that—assuming that Mr. Kibbler wasn't so crafty."

There is a lot more to this article from the Cymbal but we won't press the point further. Let us say that at the utmost $600 was subtracted from this $25,200 for current expenses. What have we? $24,600. Then let us add your own figures as collected by taxation: $8956.00, and where are we?

EGAD! it's fortunate that we saved that $87.23¾. We surely need it. This may satisfy at least one of the WHYS? YES.

—E. F. L. and H. C. L. et al.

MEXICO AND THE CHURCH

To the Editor,

In a recent issue of The Carmelite, you quote Mrs. Henry Grady of Berkeley, speaking before the Carmel Woman's Club as making the definite and unqualified statement that in the conflict between the church and the Calles government, the church was wrong. Her statement was amplified as follows: "the peons were starving while the churches were filled with gold and precious stones... there were 666 churches in a unit of Mexico no larger than Carmel."

It is stated that Mrs. Grady declared her unqualified admiration for Callies as a constructive force, making a defense for the reign of wholesale murder of priests and nuns (teaching and nursing) and the pillaging and confiscation of Church property. She is quoted as stating that she had Catholic affiliations and that therefore she was not biased. Either she is not informed on basic facts or she offers for truth what the Calles Government desires the world to believe. I am informed that the speaker like most of the Callesists, has financial interests under the red-handed dictator and his protege Gil, and sees the situation from that point of view.

As to the first charge, confiscation of property of the Church is the easiest way for governments to get money; pleasanter than banditry. And the simplest way to get the property of the Church is to shoot, expel and exile the owners... the priests, bishops and nuns. The presence of such homeless people in the United States is evidence enough for truth-seekers. One of these, Father Roma, a charming old Mexican gentleman, has found refuge in Monterey, where, under the roof of Monsignor Mestres he has at least found friends and a place where he can have peace.

In San Francisco, and in Los Angeles there are large communities of nuns, all Spanish-speaking Mexicans, who have been absorbed into the communities to carry on their work until such time as the Calles-Gil government has had its fill of loot and murder. They believe that there will be no rest in Mexico until the church, which represents nine tenths of the people, peons and aristocrats (incidentally including Madame Calles and her two charming daughters) is restored to liberty. There can be no rest. The murders of the banner-carriers, bearing in the streets the words "Christ the King" watered the soil of Mexico, mother of California, rallying thousands of previously cold persons to the ancient Church. Though no masses are being said today in the churches by Catholic priests (prayers are said at all times of the day and far into the night) they are being said all over Mexico in private houses in sheltered and hidden places, just as in the Catacombs of the early Christians.

The withdrawal of freedom of worship was the conscious demand of Calles who had been a Catholic before he became a member of a secret society whose avowed aim is the destruction of the Church. He knew the decree could not be complied with and this made expulsion and confiscation easy... the same old story.

Did the peons get the loot? They did NOT. Like the property of the California Missions it went into the hands of the politicians who had set up the cry of "Stop Thief." So history repeats itself.

Concerning education there is undoubtedly much to be said for the general laxity of the hierarchy in spots in Mexico, in its apparent sociological and religious apathy toward the peons. At least it was generally better than the treatment of the Indians by the United States: for at least the churches, mostly built under agreement with Spanish kings, offered them beauty, spiritual rest, refuge and work.

As for the educative work of the church in Mexico or the lack of it, let us not forget that the first University in the Americas was established in Mexico City, built by the Franciscans who carried the Cross and Spanish culture to the mainland in 1524; also that the first libraries, confiscated from the Franciscan convents in 1856, were used to lay the foundation of the famous library of Mexico City.

That the Church seems to have suffered a spiritual paralysis in the nineteenth century and since, can be partly laid, as documented history provides, to the presecutions and property confiscations by the varying governments always needing money. Always there was the temptation of the beauty of the churches; and then loot. Church loot from Mexico is to be found everywhere in this country, much of it not far from where The Carmelite prints its praise and fervent damning.

To talk constructively upon "International Relations," it is well to have at least a little knowledge of one's subject on both sides. Its absence is what lies at the bottom of all war, because the lack of it breeds bad feeling and a drying up of sympathy; then the beat of the war-drum; then blood and death. Let us have the TRUTH. Then if blood flow, it leads to life. A finer living and dying.

—Laura Bride Powers.

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE
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Poems For a Child . . .

by Ellen Janson Browne

Suddenly you were very tired of play,
And glad to nestle in my arms, as still
As a small bird. Reluctantly the day
Turns, with a wistful beauty, from the hill;
The birds are quiet; quiet on my heart
You lie. And so this moment I will keep
Like a rare flower, wind-sheltered and apart,
Blown in my memory. Close to sleep,
Your head droops; and now, a moment after,
Brushing aside the treacherous dreams, you lift
Eyes that are suddenly brimmed up with laughter.
. . The owls are waking; the blue shadows drift
Over the hills and meadows; shadowily
Your eyes are grave again, turned up to me.

CHILD ON THE SEA SHORE

His hand is curled
Like a small flower on the sand,
And all the hope in the world
Lies in that hand.
The patient ages-to-be
Are watching the play
Of the light on his wind-stirred hair.
He sleeps the hours away
Unconsciously.
But the patient ages wait
For the word he will say,
For the balance swung on his breath. . .
And the hope in the world
Lies there, close-curled,
All life and death.

SONNET FOR A CHILD

And you, too, life will take,—and death; you, too;
Although your beauty has a poignancy
That shakes my watching heart, although in you
My own dream takes its breath and smiles at me.
Yet life will take your hands from mine, and set
Them to an aching task; and life will lay
Her mouth on yours, and cause you to forget
These, your first kisses. And, upon a day,
When you grow weary and turn backward crying
For an old tender touch, oh not my breast
Will be your comfort; death will take you, lying
A child again; and death will give you rest
From all, even the unremembered past;
And you will call her "Mother" at the last.

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Books . . .

"Boston," by Upton Sinclair. Published by Upton Sinclair, Station B, Long Beach, California, 1928.

Upton Sinclair has now for a good many years been telling us the truth about ugly things, in fiction form,—about the stock-yards, about the coal industry, about oil, about the prostitution of American journalism. These are all sets of conditions about which something must be done. His purpose in writing is to rouse a constructive moral indignation. He is a propagandist using as his tool simple truth sensationalized. And the truths in all of these fields is sensational enough.

Now in his novel "Boston" he has told the story of Sacco and Vanzetti. About this event nothing further can be done. It is ended as a fact. Yet the reverberation of the event continues, and its result is a world-wide indignant sophistication concerning the nature of American "justice."

Upton Sinclair's novel will be read in many languages . . . in French, German, Russian . . . long after the ponderous reports and records which remain to verify its essential veracity, have been buried under dust. Lurid and sometimes sentimental as a chromo, it is nevertheless profoundly moving,—for it is true.

It is a pity that "Boston" was written before the Outlook completed its investigation, which has proved beyond a doubt to reasonable and intelligent men the innocence of these two ardent anrchist-idealists. This, however, does not include Judge Thayer of Boston, the Judge who would not budge. Judge Thayer who said afterwards, "Well, did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" (Only an infallible judge should pass an immutable sentence.)

The chapters of these proofs of innocence remain to be inserted in future editions of the volume. We urge also upon the author a further inclusion of some of the letters, now published, written by Sacco and Vanzetti during the seven years while they were in prison awaiting death.

"In every great capital of the world" writes Sinclair, with historical accuracy, of the night after the execution, "there were mass meetings and protests. In London a mob marched upon Buckingham Palace, and had to be ridden down by mounted men,—quite as if it were Boston Common. In Berlin there were a score of meetings, ending with parades. In Geneva the demonstrants raided the American embassy, and when clubbed away, broke the windows of the League of Nations Palace. Even in far-off Tokio the American ambassador had to receive a deputation of labor leaders, and explain that he had no control over executions on Massachusetts . . . In Africa the American flag was burned on the steps of the town hall in Johannesburg . . ."

The story of the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been made into a play, with a sensational run in New York,—but forbidden to enter the city of Boston. Upton Sinclair's novel will make it known in farthest Europe, even in the chill of Siberia where, perhaps to the astonishment of Americans, this author is known widely as the greatest of our literary men!

Sacco and Vanzetti are dead. Meanwhile, there waits still in the state penitentiary of California at San Quentin, one Thomas Mooney. As the truth of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is known to five continents, but could not, somehow, penetrate the pudicial mind of Judge Thayer of Boston; so the truth of the Mooney "frameup" is known the world-over to honest men who have taken the trouble to learn the facts. And still Mooney awaits American justice.

—p. g. s.

7 ARTS

NEW BOOKS JUST IN:

"PROCESSION"
by Fannie Hurst

"WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED"
by Edna Bryner

"TROOPERS OF THE GOLD COAST"
by Constance Rourke

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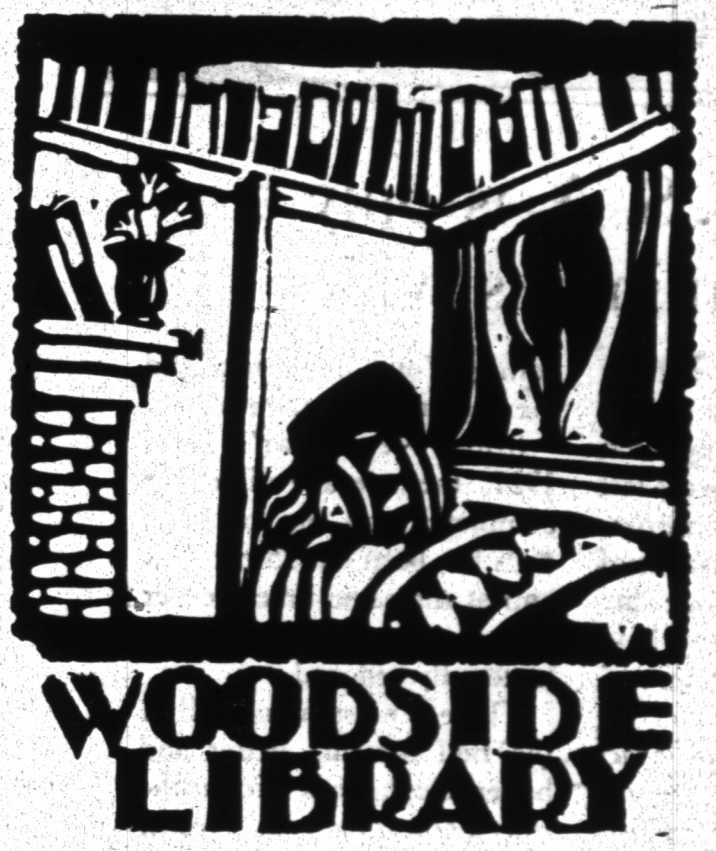

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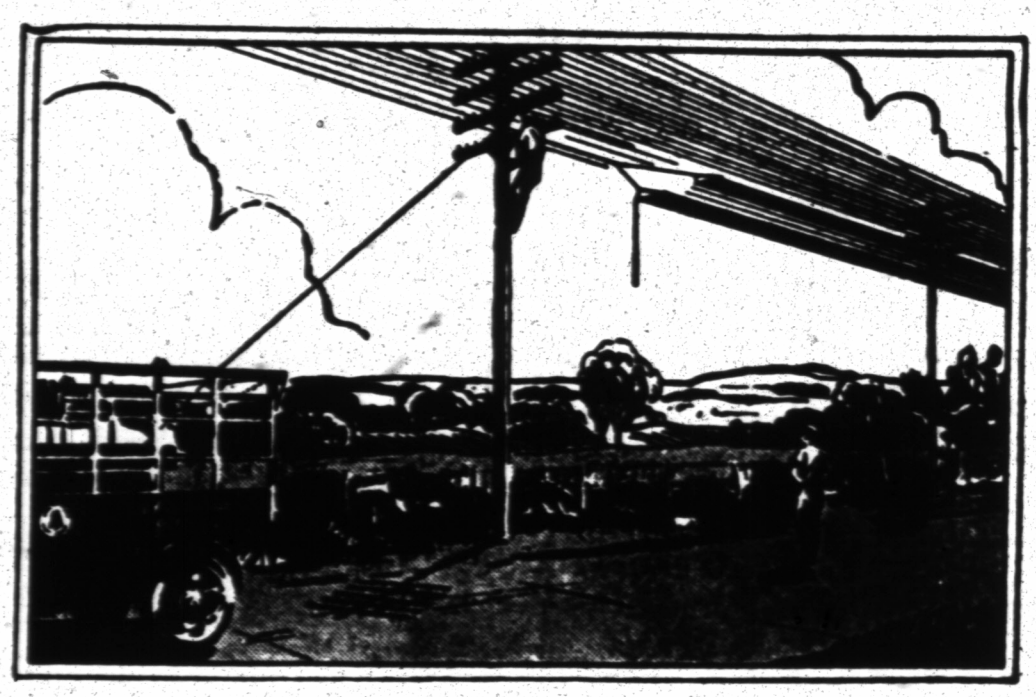

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THE CATERPILLAR SYMBOL

Caterpillars at this time of the year drop suddenly from the trees on long silk threads. There is a pause as they near the ground. They seem uncertain at to how much more space there is to be traversed. When they touch solid ground they hurry away with caterpillar speed to find that sheltered spot where their transformation shall take place.

The human being also knows this experience. The time of physical and mental contentment comes to an end; and the soul, forced by some inner necessity, plunges down into the void, despairing at times of ever reaching ground. But there is no going back. Once the decision is made, only a fine thread connects it with its former existence. Then comes the feel of solid ground, and the whole being undergoes the change which alone can lead to wings and spiritual flight. —D. H.

IN THE ROCKERY

You will find no more opportune time for helping your rockery to achieve its ultimate beauty than now. Later on, as the urge of Spring comes over the garden and stirs to action the desirable and undesirable alike, your garden work will be obvious.

The present demands of the rockery, though not so apparent, are of much more importance. And at few seasons can one stamp about on the beds without inflicting pain to one's feelings as well as to the plants.

Think back over last Spring and Summer's color arrangement, scale of height and general effect. Now is the time to play the game of "put and take," eliminating jarring notes and rectifying former mistakes.

The scraggy plants are asking for a severe pruning. Allysum Saxatile is a case in point. It may already have given up all hope of this little attention and be full of bloom, but it is wise to shear it now and sacrifice the flowers for future productivity.

If the perennials needing dividing are not already reparated and replanted, this should be atteded to immediately.

Bulbs between the perennials are now showing and it is safe to scratch the bare places and scatter seeds of annual fillers. For this purpose nothing can be better than linaria morocanna hybrids, omphalodes, some of the linanthus, the choicer nemophilas and vigina stock. The perennials and annuals that have already self-sown should be regulated now while still small. A few minutes observation will

tell that a trowel full from this mass of volunteer candytuft would be happier and look better tucked under the agathea, or the alpine poppy that has somehow found its way among the lavender would do better in this bare space in pront.

The lean scrawny arms of running plants should be pinned down under stones and covered with light soil. In fact the whole rockery would be grateful for a heavy top dressing of light soil or ancient compost; and a sprinkling of shale over any alpines you are lucky enough to possess, will make the little stranger feel much more at home.

And then there are the threatening jonny weeds,—but why sink so low as to mention weeds to a gardener?

—Lester Wowntree.

WE APPLAUD A RIVAL CRITIC'S FRANKNESS

We ourself were also tempted, yea powerfully tempted, to tell the truth of the matter,—being possibly a recent song recital, and possibly not. Many came to us to ask. "Will you tell the truth?" And we answered, "No. A public journal may not be so honest that it destroyes. It may be true that she couldn't sing, had neither voice nor musicianship at all nor ear," (had we remarked that it might be a concert?) "but it is not for us to slay at one blow with the sword of the truth."

But now that our neighbor the Pine Cone has boldly risen up and spoken like a free man (and a music critic beside,) we found ourself applauding,—not because he has laid out the corpse so cold; but because of his valor in plain speech. In pity for the editorial plight of those who have a passion both for veracity and for gentleness,—and who therefore evade meeting the issue with a critical nay, an editorial comrade puts it for us as follows:

TRUTH AND THE PRESS

The editor sits in his "uneasy chair" and passes judgment upon the procession of events before him. Streams of facts and fancies pass before him and he picks and chooses and measures degrees of importance.

There is the life of the paper to consider and the safety of the editor. There are the feelings of the advertizing public, and the aspirations of the saints as well as the secrets of the sinners to protect. There is also the pride of the editor and his self respect. In the face of all these forces let him who can tell the truth stand forth.

An artist comes forth with a new idea or a delusion of a new idea. He or she is nearly a failure or almost a success. He or she is our very own, raised and pampered in the community. Shall we tell the truth? The uneasy chair is uneasier the morning after and we try to tell the truth with all its rasping echoes. Well do we! . . . . . .

Do please read between our lines. There is where the truth lies; thus we shall live for ever.

"LAZARUS" IN CARMEL

When Irving Pichel produced Eugene O'Neill's immense play, "Lazarus Laughed," in Pasadena after the New York Theatre Guild had turned it down as too difficult of production, the managers at that time of the Theatre of the Golden Bough in Carmel, immediately wired to ask whether the play might not be produced here. Pichel's reply was that the cast was unfortunately too large to transport; and that there could be no substitutions unless the play were thoroughly re-rehearsed. It was too vast a task.

The play,—both the idea and its production,—is a stupendous one . . . (and "Strange Interlude" runs on into its second year in New York City,—in spite of its length equal to that of "Parsifal.") "Lazarus Laughed" will be produced here on Saturday evening February ninth by one person, Laura Conway Bias, a well-known dramatic reader of San Francisco.

This event takes place at the Pine Inn under the auspices of the Carmel Parent-Teachers' Association, with an admission charge of half a dollar.

COMMENTARY ON WOMEN BY ONE OF THEM

Said by a woman in business: "O, men are all so satisfactory to deal with. You have only to prove to them that a thing is efficient and reasonable, and they'll accept it without fuss or argument."

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The Youngest Set

ATTENTION SNAIL DEPARTMENT, HUMANE SOCIETY

It had rained softly for some days in Cramel, and the family were feasting on mushrooms.

"But I am so sad about those mushrooms," grieved the youngest member. "Why?"

"Because if we had left them standing in the woods, the snails could have had such fun jumping off the edges of them on the ground!"

* * * *

FRIGIDITY AS DISCIPLINE

The bootlegger leaned, as nearly as he could, out of the wire-barred window of his room in the city jail at Monterey, and contemplated his world with a shudder. Not only was Judge Baugh going to pronounce sentence within three or four more hours, but it was cold in there. Cold in that stone jail, with its heavy chilly masonry,—and the date 1852 over the door,—and its stone fioors. Cold on a day so superb, so richly sunny, in the pleasant park out-of-doors just in front of him, that two quiet correct young women out there were skipping about as though it were good to be alive.

They were outsiders. They were from Carmel.

"It IS a delightful town, this Monterey," said one. "Why should I at all wish to go over to Switzerland for the sense of historical age upon the incrustations of civilization, when age has such dignity and beauty?"

"And this must be the jail, right next ta the old town hall."

"It IS the jail," uttered a melancholy voice from behind the barricade. It was the bootlegger.

He looked quite cheerful and healthy,—which was why you could tell that he was a bootlegger,—although he was screwing all of himself into a knot to fit the bit of sun which filled his window. "It is the jail, and it's a cold jail."

The ladies stopped and looked immensely friendly. He became communicative.

"These are supposed to be the women's quarters, where I am. The others are colder. Just go round the corner of the building and you'll see."

They did. The windows of that side were not at all. They were slits in the masonry filled up by meagerly-perforated sheetiron, with holes not more than half an inch in diamater. It would be somber-dark in those cells.

The two women shuddered. And they were not even awaiting sentence.

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FRIEDA HAUSWORTH DAS, FORMERLY OF CARMEL, SHOWS EAST INDIAN PAINTINGS AT GALLERIE BEAUX ARTS, SAN FRANCISCO

Of interest to Carmel has been the exhibition at the Gallerie Beaux Arts, San Francisco, of Frieda Hausworth Das, former resident of Carmel. Her life in India has given her a chance to bring to us glimpses of Oriental art, life and philosophy.

The details from frescoes of the Ajanta Caves, India, are rich in historic and artistic significance. These cave temples are situated three hundred miles from Bombay, India, and the frescoes, dating back to the second century B. C., are the earliest authentic examples of Asiatic paintings known. Of Buddhist inspiration, they are yet far from the ascetic, as we imagine religious paintings.

The pictures shown at the Beaux Arts are not an attempt to show the enormous frescoes covering the walls of the twenty-nine chambers of the temple, but are fragment of detail. Tantalizing things. Here a few lines depicting the sensual oriental languor of the "apsaras," or heavenly nymphs, there a frieze of animals curiously drawn and colored, and above all in interest; hands, exquisite feminine hands with rosy finger tips. Just details to show with what faithfulness the whole riotous, imaginative, decorative composition is conceived... Many of the bits are directly traced from the temple walls.

Aside from the fresco details with their mystery are portraits and sketches in oil and water color, all of East Indian subjects. The three portraits of Gandhi, attract the most interest, both for their subject matter and their handling...

One certainly feels the lure of far places, of strange peoples, a new color pallette to work with; after seeing these pictures.

—Alberte Spratt.

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LARGE HOUSE, CENTRALLY LOCATED IN CARMEL, CLOSE TO OCEAN.

THIS PLACE, VERY SLIGHTLY ALTERED, WOULD MAKE A HOUSE WITH SIX BEDROOMS, SUITABLY AND MOST CONVENIENTLY SITUATED FOR RENTAL PURPOSES!

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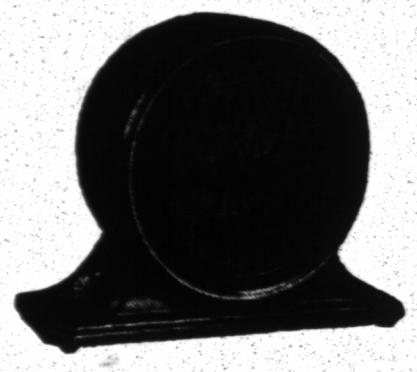
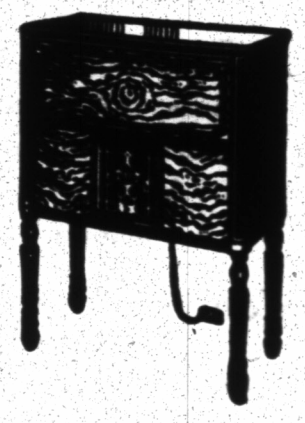
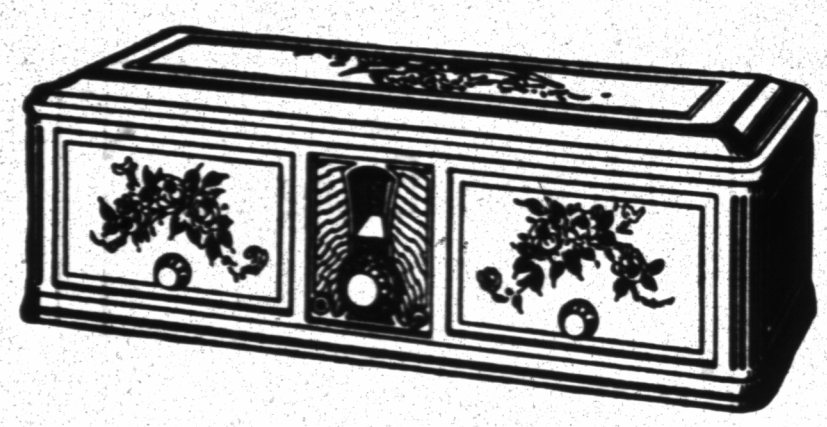


PHILCO RADIO





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